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cents per line for all over six lines.
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the Proprietor.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.
A BACHELOR'S GRIEVE.
When lovers are wooing and cooing,
Pursuing some woman for wife,
Nought is thought of the storm that is brewing
To bring cloudy weather for life!
But those who have gathered the flowers
From the foot fall of Cupid that spring,
Know there grow in HYMNAL bowers
Thorns, nettles, and brambles that sting.
He swears never woe will be true;
She vows she allows not a bean
To be near, or appear as aught to her,
Save as one that she slightly may know.
But those who are by when they sigh,
And such little perjuries make,
Can't conceive how these lovers can lie—
Under such heavy mists of mistake.
Their style of exclusive devotion
Is all very well in its way;
But this very unseemly notion
They find after marriage, "Oh, no!"
"My darling" will list for a while
For a while to his interests bend;
But, though parted by many a mile,
'Tis rarely that Madame is Mended.
This "paying addresses" possesses
A charm, as each lover allows;
But repeatedly paying for dresses
Must follow HYMNAL vows.
Though Cupid the office conceals
That each hapless sufferer feels,
Yet HYMNUS, more honest, reveals
His duty of "paying up" bills.
The Paradise promised by Cupid,
With cherubs as guardian-spirits,
Is rendered remarkably arid
To those who must sleep there of nights.
These cherubs must all of them eat,
Though the fact is all too true;
And his "Heaven below" is replete
With wailing and cutting of teeth.
But a lover will never discover
A fault in the one he would wed;
From his dream never seemed to recover
Till his lamb to the altar is led.
Still worship he possibly can;
Yet, though he may love what is real,
You'll allow he's an altered man.
J. N. O.

Respect For Labor.
All plans for the regeneration of a people will
fail, unless they are in the first place brought
back to that respect for labor which is the dis-
tinguishing feature of all those young commu-
nities that are destined to achieve greatness.—
We do not mean respect for labor of a particu-
lar kind, but for all labor. As it is, we attach our
selves, generally speaking, to some trade or call-
ing, and if that fails, we throw ourselves upon
the State for support, or perish. We never con-
sider that we are sent into the world to battle
with the earth, and elements, and our fellow-
men for a subsistence, not by the exercise of one
faculty, or capability, but of all our powers.
Emigrants to a new country are told that they
must adapt themselves to circumstances; that
they must discard all preconceived notions of
gentility, or of confinement within particular cir-
cles of employment, and work—work—at any-
thing, everything, that comes in the way. And
what is this world to us but a new country,
into which we come naked and inexperienced, to
wrest from the contact of circumstances the
knowledge and skill that will enable us to fight
the battles of life?
Why should we place ourselves in the foot-
steps of preceding individuals or generations,
and fancy the path our own peculiar world?
Why should we consider every kind of labor but
that to which we are accustomed, degrading or
impossible? All labor is honorable, for the end
and purpose of all labor are the same. He who
works, if his work should be but a hedge or ditch,
is worthy of respect; and he alone who stands
idle, because his peculiar employment has dried
up, and permits himself to fall into starvation or
beggary, is a fit object of contempt. Respect for
labor is the secret of the rise of a country destined
to become great.

Unwelcomed Visitors.
The Green Mountain Herald, published in
Randolph, Vt., states that a gang of burglars
are paying the towns in that vicinity an un-
welcome visit. On Saturday night, the 16th inst.,
they entered the store of William P. Downing,
in Washington and stole \$1000 in cash and a
quantity of silks. A horse belonging to B. W.
Bartholomew, in the same town, was also stolen.
On the night of the 9th, the house of L.
H. Edson, in Bethel, was entered. Mr. E.'s
pantaloons were taken from his sleeping room
to the kitchen, and \$42 taken from the pockets.
The same night the rogues entered the house of
Joseph Morris, went into his bedroom, took his
pantaloons and other clothing into the kitchen,
and stole a small amount of change—overlooking
about \$80 in bills that were in a memorandum
book, which they handled and repaid in an-
other pocket, without discovery. In both in-
stances they helped themselves to a large sup-
ply of buttery fixings, and escaped without be-
ing hurt. On the 12th inst., they were at
White River village, where they entered several
houses and stole money.

THE ECLIPSE.
On Friday, the 26th of May inst., there will
occur an annual eclipse of the sun, which will
be visible in Massachusetts. It will commence
at 33 minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon,
and continue two hours and four minutes—or
until about 23 minutes before seven o'clock.—
In this eclipse, the apparent diameter of the
moon compared with that of the sun, will be
about as 18 to 19—and consequently some nine-
tenths of the sun will be covered. The path of
eclipse will cross the western part of the Atlan-
tic Ocean, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hamp-
shire, Vermont, New York, Upper Canada,
Lake Superior, Northwest and Washington Ter-
ritories, and thence through the southern edge
of Br'th America to the Pacific Ocean. The
central line of the eclipse will enter New Eng-
land near Portsmouth, and its path will extend
sixty-two miles on either side. Boston will fall
within its path. To those on the central line
the sun will appear, during the middle of eclipse,
like a huge circle of light—the moon covering
every part except a narrow rim on the outside.
In Boston the appearance will be much the same,
only the ring of light will be much wider on
one side than the other. The central part of the
eclipse will be from Kittery, opposite Port-
smouth, in a northwesterly direction through
the towns of Dover, Barrington, Pittsfield, Can-
terbury, Franklin, Hill Grafton and Lebanon.
The eclipse will, however, be visible, to a great-
or less extent, in all parts of North America
excepting Guatemala and the south-west part of
Mexico. It will also be visible in Iceland, Green-
land, Northern Russia, parts of Sweden and
Norway, the eastern part of Asia, the West
Indies, and in the northern countries of South
America.

Defence of Polygamy.
A lady in Utah, a wife of one of the Mormon
leaders, writes to her sister a long letter, pub-
lished in the newspapers, defending polygamy
by the example of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob,
and the holy men mentioned in the Bible.
The argument is as ingenious as many others
drawn from the same source, and would be con-
clusive enough to satisfy the conscience of any
Turk, whose harem contained not less than two
hundred wives. The letter is a curiosity, as ex-
hibiting the social relations of the polygamist.—
The lady says her husband has seven other
wives, which is a moderate number for a leader
of the faith, as Rigdon, the high priest of Mor-
monism, we believe has thirty-six. The chil-
dren of these eight wives number twenty-five.—
The husband, she says, is a "good and virtuous
man," and all these mothers and children are
endured to her by kindred ties—by mutual
affection—by acquaintance and association; and
the mothers in particular, by mutual and long
continued exercise of toil, patience long suffer-
ing and sisterly kindness. The husband, of
whose affection she is entitled to just one eighth,
is a practical teacher of morals and religion; a
promoter of general education; and at present
occupies an honorable seat in the Legislative
Council of the Territory. She concludes her re-
markable letter with the hope that enlightened
legislation in every State will be so modified
and the customs and consciences of individuals
will be so altered, that any Utah gentleman,
with more than the Christian number of wives,
may be able to travel in any part of the United
States with his harem and children, and enjoy
as much consideration and honor as he does at
home, or in the manner as the patriarch Jacob
would have been respected had he, with his
wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred.
We have heard much of the "good time coming,"
probably it is the period the lady refers to.—
Philadelphia Ledger.

A RIDDLE.—It was done when it was begun;
it was done when it was half done; and yet it
wasn't done when it was finished. Now what
was it? Answer.—Timothy Johnstone courts
Susannah Dunn. It was Dunn when it was
begun, it was Dunn when it was half done, and
yet it wasn't Dunn when it was done—for it
was Johnstone!

A man down East advertises a cordial prepared
from women's kisses.
A gentleman of Kentucky, being recently
challenged to fight a duel, accepted, to fight with
broadswords at the distance of 700 paces.
THE HEART OF HIS ANXIOUS.—One of our ex-
changes tells of a lay genius up his way, who
being asked, as he lay sunning himself on the
grass, what was the height of his ambition, re-
plied: "To marry a rich widow that's got a
cough."

Elder Knapp says, "When Peter was en-
deavoring to walk upon the water, to meet his
master, and was about sinking had his supplica-
tion been as long as the introduction to one of
our modern prayers, before he got half through,
he would have been fifty feet under water."
A French writer says that if any person knew
one half that is said or thought about him, he
would be ashamed to walk the streets in open day.
Flatter ourselves as we may, the best of us do
not escape being pecked at, not even by many of
those we call our friends. Our own, like
other people's friends, are apt to be like some of
the Hindoo idols—double-faced.
Fanny Fern makes some powerful home thrusts
now and then. In speaking of clergymen who
turn the pulpit into a political forum, she says:
"They will now tell you and the Almighty in
their prayers, all the political news of the
week!"

THE LAST VISIT.
BY BETTY BUSH.
Just as the daylight dawned, the little sleep-
er at my side, rung the note of preparation. I
rose, and in an hour the last garment had been
laid in side the trunk, the key turned in the
lock, and all was ready to start. A few mo-
ments of waiting, then the door bell rang, and
the carriage was announced, adieu were ex-
changed with those left behind, and we were
rushing, tumbling over the rough pavements,
through the babel confusion of a city morning.
Shop doors were open, business men, and clerks,
were active in preparation for the day's traffic;
tools were being put in order; stores and side-
walks swept; goods were displayed to attract
customers; knobs and knockers burnished;
milkmen, fishermen, ice-men, bakers, coal-car-
ters, and draymen, were adding their items, to swell
the stunning humdrum of the "busy mart."—
Now at the station—a few more moments more,
and the cars are whirling us with energetic
speed, miles away, where the great forest
springs its branches, and the green fields lay in
their calm beauty; where the wild bird sings
its heaven taught melodies, and the wild flow-
ers shed their fragrance, careless where the per-
fume lingers, so that they impart of the precious
gift God gave them, and gladden, if it be but
the invisible air. Puff, puff, and away, through
woods, across valleys, and over bounding
streams—a halt, and then, the lumbering old
coach, that was a wonder of transportation to
my childish eyes, received our baggage and our-
selves. Then came the jolt, jolting over the
stone highways; the wearisome climbing of gi-
gantic hills, the rattling descent, and then, fa-
miliar grew the winding road; old faces stood
beside the fences and stone walls; past memories
crowded the landscape as we rounded the head
of the pond, across the oak opening, and ascended
the hill, where, beneath the broad spreading
butternut, stands the cottage of my sire and
grandmother. The wheat field and the moving lot,
the potato patch and the corn acre, lay spread
out in their summer garbure. The spring in
the pasture still bubbled its glad song; the cat-
tle grazed on the upper knoll—ah! truly, the
mothy hand of time had left no outward trace
on nature's long established lineaments. The
blueberry bushes down by the pine copse, and
the blackberry that belted the old farm,
were the same that supplied the table of my
grandmother. The butternut and the hazel
yielded their fruit as abundantly to the nephews
and nieces that had succeeded us in the home-
stead, as, years ago, they contributed to our
zinfier store of luxuries.

Animated with a thousand tongues were
these outside features of my early home; un-
changed was their still spirit language, as I
quiet, loving murmurs fell on my stricken
heart, as with a dreamy, undefined sense of
sorrow I drew near the place of my birth.—
Every emotion, but that earliest instinct of our
nature, the love which renews, the love that
grows our entrance into life, had been paralyzed
by the sudden intelligence of my mother's
death. This instinct of the strongest, earliest
affection which comes to bless the human heart,
while it led me with an aching hand to the
source of my sorrow, wrung bitter drops of
agony where had flowed the sweet waters of a
living joy. I was conscious as I approached
the house, only of some heart breaking be-
nevolence that was bowing me to the very earth
with its laden weight. My brother met me at
the door silently, and led me into the house.—
The family were at dinner. My gray headed
father sat at table, and greeted me with eyes so
woeful in their expression of widowed loneli-
ness, that the fountain of my pent up sorrow
was opened, the cause and extent of the icy
apathy that had almost chilled sensation ap-
peared vividly distinct to my apprehension, and
I laid my cheek to his, and wept the tears of
the motherless. I had borne little fears, to
which I had given birth, to the cheerless spu-
lchre, and in spirit ushered them to the land
of dissolved purity, and listened to their plat-
ting eloquence, in enfranchised language, that
whispered sweet tales, to a comprehension fitted
to take in unspoken words, and sounds which
never salute mortal organs. I had conversed
silently, through the glittering stars, the fleecy
clouds, and the broad blue ether, with the de-
parted, who mingle in unvoiced companionship,
with the incomprehensible uncertainties of un-
known creation, learning at the fountain, of the
hidden springs that animate all life; and linger-
ing long in the intercourse, without one shadow
to dim the certainty that my own realization of
their employments and enjoyments, would mingle
in one united cup of immortal blessedness;
but this last receding spirit, had left no beam of
light, by which to lead me through its track-
less wanderings. The mysterious tie which
binds life to humanity had been severed, and I
had groped in vain for the link that was to unite
us, till I came in possession of the capacity
that will search out, and attach me in that
other life, to the companions that have made the
happiness of this. Through all that fearful
candor, darker grew the obscurity of my un-
controllable anguish. I could only realize my
great loss and mournfully I hastened to the
room where they had laid her, to gain one
glimpse of solace from the untaken clay.

"My mother, O my mother, smile once more
upon thy child!" the smile was still there, and
the calm quiet of the brow was like life; but
she answered me not. "My mother, O my
mother, will you not speak once more to your
child?" I called again in my agony. Then the
spirit link was forged, and the attendant angel
bound it upon the bruised heart, and healing
and support, came from the voice of the dead,
which yet spoke in every memory of the past,
as I gazed on those familiar features.
No task of childhood but that had been light-
ened by her assistance; no tear of girlhood but
that she had wiped away; and the blighting
disappointments that had consumed the marrow
of mature hopes had been soothed by her gen-
tle tenderness, and unwavering love.

Long I gazed upon the precious dust, till they
shut it from my sight, and the assembled neigh-
bors bore the pallid relics to the village church,
where the minister prayed feelingly for the
widowed, the motherless, and the bereaved
church. A sermon was preached on the resur-
rection of the just—tenderly the mourners were
addressed, and the tear of sympathy moistened
every eye.
Neighbors bore her to the grave, and friendly
hands laid her to her dreamless rest. Her green
bed was made beneath the branches of the fra-
grant apple tree, on the borders of a wild wood
copse; where the birds in the warm summer
time warble sweet melodies that seem to us like
echoes from the land where seraph voices ac-
company the glad lyres of the blest; where the
heavy-winds of autumn breathe deep-toned re-
quiem that mournfully thrill through aching
hearts, safely keeping time to the wailings of
our bereavement. We left her there—not her,
the mother wherein were shaped the immortal
lineaments made after the similitude of Heav-
en's own Artist, the immaculate representation
of imitable perfection. Through the eye of
the soul, when the gaze of faith is lifted upward,
I see those features, resplendent in the reflected
glory of the Sun of Righteousness, beaming
with unutterable tenderness upon her stricken
child; while she clasps two shining cherub
forms, and whispers, "mother of these redeem-
ed-ones, become like thine own sainted offspring
in the hands of the great Father; meekly bow
thy head and worship, nor deem that earth can
concentrate of woe, a burden aught too heavy
for thy earthly pilgrimage."

My Duel with Captain Elliott.
My duel with Captain Elliott, said the Doc-
tor, lighting a fresh cigar, took place during the
war with Mexico. But, before I proceed, I
must give you a short account of my previous
history.
Elliott and I had been rivals and enemies from
our very boyhood. We were educated at the
same public-school, before I arrived, he was
the pet, the hero, the Napoleon, so to speak,
of the school; the leader alike in study, in sport,
and in mischief. He was a proud, imperious,
overbearing boy, though with many generous
and endearing qualities; and out of school, his
will was law to the boys as much as that of the
teacher's was in school.
When I arrived, however, being about his
own age, and a lad of considerable spirit, I re-
fused to submit to his authority; and there be-
ing many malcontents in the school, who secretly
disliked him, they, one by one, enrolled them-
selves under my standard, and we were thus
divided into separate factions.—Numerous
were the pitched battles which we had, as well
as the personal conflicts for supremacy; num-
berless the "bloody noses and cracked crowns";
numberless the reprimands and even more tan-
gible inflictions of the teachers. Elliott and I
were, in fact, always crossing each other, and
agreeing in nothing except in hating each other
cordially.

When we left school, he went to West Point,
and I to the Medical College, and we lost sight
of each other for some years. In due course of
time I commenced practising as a physician;
but finding it did not pay very well, and being
besides of a somewhat roving and adventurous
disposition, I applied for and obtained the ap-
pointment of army-surgeon and was immediately
ordered to Fort—
I had been there but a short time, when the
Commandant brave old Gurley, whom some of
you doubtless remember, died of fever. An
officer of the name of Elliott was appointed to
succeed him; and you may judge of my mortifi-
cation when I found it was my old enemy.—
Much as it galled my pride I was obliged here to
submit to his authority; but I did it I assure
you, with a very bad grace.
Elliott was essentially changed since I had
last known him; the impetuous, overbearing boy
had become a grave, quiet, reserved man, who
could, if he chose, render himself a very agree-
able companion but who seldom took the trou-
ble to do it. Many of the officers, how-
ever, and all the men, liked him very much; but
somehow, there seemed to be an impassable bar-
rier fixed between him and me. I disliked his
reserve, which I attributed to pride; and he
complained of my boisterousness, as he was
pleased to call it. He did, indeed, make some
effort to conciliate me at first, but seeing I re-
pulsed them, he withdrew himself behind his
entrenchments, and treated me ever after with a
coldness absolutely freezing.
Things were in this state, when an uncle of
Elliott's with his wife and daughter, stopped for
a short time in the vicinity of the fort, on their
way to Washington. The daughter, Miss Eve-
line, was a charming young lady, and every un-
married man in the garrison immediately fell in
love with her.—It would weary you to enumer-
ate the picnics, the water-parties, the drives the
balls that were given in honor of her. A good
honored rivalry prevailed among us for her per-

ference; and bets were taken as to whether
Davis, Jones, or the Doctor, or the Commandant
himself, had the best chance.
For myself I was, I do think, seriously in love
with the charming girl. To be sure she did not
give much encouragement, but I tried to encour-
age myself. I rode with her, walked with her,
talked with her, danced with her, and kept by
her as much as I possibly could. I saw that
Elliott scowled darker than ever upon me, but I
did not care for that; in fact I was glad of an
opportunity of giving pain, and showed him
that his dislike for me was not shared by all his
connections.

On the evening before her intended departure
there had been a farewell ball. I had danced
with her the whole evening, while Elliott, who
did not dance at all that night, sat moodily con-
versing with her father. I was so fascinated
with her and so grieved at the thought of her
leaving, that before I slept that night, I resolved
to see her in the morning and make her a tender
of my heart.
Accordingly, as early as decency permitted, I
called and was by the blundering servant shown
at once into her presence, where an extraordi-
nary scene presented itself.—On a sofa, in the
room, her father buried in the cushions, her dress
disordered, her beautiful hair—which curled
naturally—"all in a tangle," and her attitude
denoting the very prostration of despair, lay
the charming girl I had parted from last night
in the exuberance of youthful and light-hearted
joy. On a table beside her, and on the floor,
were scattered innumerable letters; and a por-
trait, a locket, a blue ribbon, and a withered
rose, lay carelessly among them.

She rose on my entrance, and would have de-
clined herself, but it was too late. Her eyes were
bloodshot with weeping, and her fair cheeks
swollen and discolored. I took her hand and
with much solicitude inquired the cause of her
sorrow. A fresh burst of grief was her only
answer, and it was some time before she was
sufficiently composed to give me an explanation.
It appeared that she had been for a long time
engaged to her cousin Elliott, and that he had,
in a fit of mad jealousy, returned her letters and
tokens, and formally broken the engagement.
It was my fault, said she, sobbing, "all my
fault, I did wrong to play with his noble na-
ture."

"His noble nature!" said I, bitterly; "for, as
you may suppose, I did not feel in the blandest
of humors at the discovery I had just made."
"Oh, Dr. C—," said she, "you do not know
him. He is the best, the noblest of men; and I
have lost him—lost him by my own folly."
Here she fell into such a passion of weeping
again, that I forgot my own disappointment in
my solicitude for her. I suggested that perhaps
an explanation could be made.
"Impossible!" said she. "It was my flirting
with you, and Mr. Jones, and Mr. Davis that
offended him—and how could that be explained?
I am sure it was not that I cared a cent for one
of you, (fancy my feelings!) but I am natu-
rally fond of admiration. I have tried to cure
myself of it, cannot. Oh Dr. C—, my heart is
broken! Here—read this note."
She gave me a piece of paper, crumpled up
from her burning hand, and wet with her tears, on
which I read as follows:
"MADAM: In returning you the letters and
tokens, which I have the honor to receive from
you, I wish you to understand that the engage-
ment between us is broken off, now and for ever.
You are now at liberty to flirt with whom you
please. I cannot share a heart with twenty
others."
"Just like him," said I, with bitterness, when
I finished this laconic and sententious epistle;
and was going to indulge in a philippic against
him, but she checked me with such spirit, that I
was fain to hold my peace. I then offered, for
her sake, to go to Elliott, and endeavor to ex-
plain the matter.

"Alas!" said she, "you cannot, he went off this
morning, before daylight, on a three months' furlough,
leaving that cruel note and the packet of
letters, to be delivered to me on awakening.
He has gone, I presume, to New Hampshire,
where his friends reside."
Here we were interrupted by the entrance of
Miss Eveline's mother; and I took my leave,
quiet cured of my love-fit, and very thankful
that I had not subjected myself to the grievous
pain of a refusal.

But I am spinning out my story too long.
When Elliott returned from his furlough, he
treated me with even greater coldness than be-
fore; in fact, we never spoke to each other at all
except when duty compelled us to do so. This
made it so disagreeable to me, that I was on the
point of applying for an exchange, when the war
with Mexico broke out; and we were ordered on
active service, and private animosities were for-
gotten in our zeal against the common enemy.
Elliott and I continued on much the same
terms, although, in spite of my dislike, I could
not help admiring his bravery, his noble daring,
his energy and presence of mind, and his father-
ly care of the troops under his command. Still,
however, the flame was smouldering in our
bosoms, only waiting an opportunity to break out.
At last the opportunity came.
Elliott had been left in charge of a large num-
ber of sick and wounded, while the rest of the
army pressed on towards the Halls of the Mon-
tezumas. I of course was there, with several
assistants. We were encamped in a picturesque
little hamlet, situated in a wild, romantic neigh-
borhood; and the country being pretty quiet, we
were in the habit of venturing some distance
from the encampment, shooting, sketching, or

perhaps flirting, for you know, our fellows did
not extend to the Mexican senoritas the hostile
feelings with which they regarded the men.—
For myself, I cannot say that I admired them
much; some of them were pretty, to be sure,
but that abominable habit they have of smok-
ing cigars spoiled them in my eyes.
Well, one morning I had sauntered forth,
portfolio in hand, for the purpose of taking some
sketches; and in the course of my wanderings
came upon a pretty little dwelling by the side
of a waterfall, in a sweet, sequestered spot.—
On a mossy bench by the door, sat a young girl
of wonderful beauty, in a showy but picturesque
dress, with a guitar in her hand, the sweet mel-
ody of which blended delightfully with the soft
murmuring dash of the waterfall, and the gurg-
ling of the little stream beyond it. It was a
picture of surpassing beauty and loveliness, and
I immediately sat down on a fallen tree to com-
mit to paper.

While thus employed, a man was observed
approaching, whom I soon found was no other
than Elliott himself. As he neared the cottage,
the girl, who had evidently been expecting him,
threw down her guitar and ran eagerly to meet
him. He sat down beside her on the bench;
when suddenly observing me, he started as if a
serpent had stung him, and hastily approached
me. He glared at me with a look in which all
the hatred that had been gathering for so many
years seemed concentrated.
"This is the second time, sir," said he fiercely,
"that you have crossed my path—and it shall be
the last time. Follow me if you dare!"
"If 'crossing your path' said I, 'you mean
an insult to that young woman, I assure you
I have not spoken to her, nor approached near-
er to her than I am now.'"
"Must I call you coward?" said he; "will you
follow me or not?"

I threw down my drawing materials and fol-
lowed him. He entered the chapel, and led
the way to a clear space near a running brook.
Here he turned and drew his sword.
"Captain Elliott," said I, "although I am not
conscious of having injured you, I am ready to
give you the satisfaction you demand. But had
we not better return to the camp, outside sec-
onds, and conduct the affair in a regular man-
ner?"
"No," said he, "I will not wait. I will hold no
parley with you. Defend yourself."
Thus adjured, I drew my sword, but scarcely
had I done so when something whizzed past me,
a sharp report was heard, and with a wild cry
Elliott fell at my feet. I looked for an instant
behind me, and saw the dark countenances of
half a dozen Mexicans as they prepared to re-
load their pieces, and then fled into the chaparral,
"tarrying no longer to question."

On—on I sped, this way and that way, thro'
the tangled thickets, tripping my feet on the
long, trailing vines, scratching my hands on
thorns; until completely worn out, I clambered up
a lofty tree and hid myself among its leafy
branches. Here I remained for several hours,
and heard my pursuers crashing among the un-
derwood, shouting, swearing, calling to each
other; but gradually the sounds died away, the
chase seemed to be given up, and I was left
alone in that wild, unbroken solitude.
The afternoon was far advanced when, driven
partly by hunger, partly by the dread of pass-
ing the night in the chaparral, I ventured to
descend from my leafy covert, where the mon-
keys had made a feast of me, and the mon-
keys had chattered to me with their strange,
mocking gestures. By the aid of my pocket
compass, I found my way back to the clearing
whence I had suddenly departed. After care-
fully reconnoitering, to see that none of my Mex-
ican friends were lingering near—(to this day I
suspect that young woman of having sent them
after us)—I advanced to the spot where poor El-
liott had fallen.

He was lying on his face in a pool of blood,
his hands clutching the grass, his hair and uni-
form dabbled in blood, and his fine, manly form
(he was one of the finest looking fellows in the
army) pierced with three or four ghastly wounds.
I had turned him over on his back, and I tho't
I saw his bosom leave. I placed my hand upon
his heart, and found that he still lived. As I
kne't by him, uncertain what to do, he opened
his half glazed eyes, and I saw his parched lip
try to form the word "Water!" My first im-
pulse was to run to the brook which flowed at
a short distance; my next to stop short and
consider. Should I restore to life the man who,
a few minutes before, had been thirsting for my
blood? who had hated me all his life? who had
wronged me, slighted me, and even called me
coward? No! I would leave him to the fate
which his own folly had provoked. I turned my
back upon him; but suddenly, as if traced with
a finger of fire, there were borne in upon my
mind the words of Holy Writ:
"If thine enemy hunger, give him food; if he
thirst, give him drink." And fast upon them
came that other Divine sentence: "Inasmuch as
ye did it not unto these, ye did it not unto Me!"

I seized his cap and ran to the brook for wa-
ter, with which I moistened his parched lips,
and bathed his gory temples. Taking my case
of instruments from my pocket, I then proceed-
ed to probe his wounds.
The Mexicans had ripped him of his watch and
other valuables; but in tearing open his shirt,
I found a small locket, suspended from his neck
by a hair chain, which had escaped their search.
I opened it. It contained his mother's portrait.
(He was her only son, and she was a widow.)
"Thank God!" I ejaculated; "that mother's
curses will not light on me!"

What to do with my patient, after having
dressed his wounds, was what puzzled me. To
remove him was impossible; to leave him
there, exposed to wild beasts, and to the burn-
ing rays of the sun, after having partially re-
stored him to life, seemed cruel; however, I half-
carried, half dragged him into the shade of a
tree about a hundred yards distant. It would
be impossible to describe my sensations when I
found myself with my deadly enemy in my arms.
I hurried to the encampment for assistance,
and soon had him conveyed thither in safety.—
For many weeks he lay, hovering between life
and death; for the pain of his wounds, which
were very severe, the loss of blood, and the ex-
posure to the sun, brought on brain fever, and
nothing but the most unremitting care and at-
tention saved his life. He bore his sufferings
with that noble endurance which is true heroism,
and which, let me tell you, is a much rarer article
than mere courage in the field. In fact, he
displayed during his sickness so many admirable
qualities that it was a mystery to me how I could
have mistaken his character so completely.—
Whether it was owing to this, or to my having
done him a service, I cannot tell; but insensi-
bly the hatred all melted from my heart, and in
its stead sprang up a feeling of strong regard
for him.

But whether this feeling was reciprocated or
not, I know not; for, although his manner to-
wards me was peculiarly soft and gentle, and
his eyes would light up when I approached his
couch, he remained as taciturn and reserved as
ever, and never made any allusion to the subject
of our quarrel. I felt a little pained at his sil-
ence; for I could not help thinking that my
having saved him from a miserable death de-
served at least a few words of acknowledgment.—
More than once he seemed on the point of
broaching the subject; but he appeared to be
waiting for me to begin it, and I, of course,
waited for him.

At last, he was so far recovered that my pro-
fessional services were no longer required. As I
rose to take leave at my last visit, I signified as
much to him, and added:
"Am I to understand, Captain Elliott, that
we return to the same footing as we were on be-
fore?"
"The same footing! God forbid!" he ex-
claimed, with an earnestness that surprised me.
"Because," continued I, "if you wish to fin-
ish the quarrel so inopportunistly interrupted,
you will find me ready at any time."

"Do you wish to renew that unhappy quar-
rel?" asked he, an expression of deep disappoint-
ment overspreading his countenance.
"Who! I! Most certainly not," said I; "but
you demanded satisfaction, Captain Elliott, and
until that demand is withdrawn, I must, of
course, hold myself in readiness to grant it."
"I withdraw it now," said he, speaking very
quickly. "Ask your pardon for my rash and in-
jurious words. If that will not satisfy you, I
will have my bosom to your sword, but I will
never," said he with emotion, "raise my hand
against the noble, the magnanimous preserver
of my life." Those were his words. After a
pause, he added: "Dr. C—, we have, all
our lives, misunderstood each other—believe
me, had I known your worth sooner, I would
have acknowledged it. We have been enemies
long enough—let us now be friends. Will you
try to overlook what is past? Will you be my
friend?"

"My dear Captain Elliott!" cried I, deeply
touched by this generous speech, "I am your
friend. Since I carried you in my arms in that
lonely glade of the chaparral, I have become so
much attached to you that I would as soon
shoot my own brother as lift a finger against
you."
I held out my hand to him, but he threw
himself on my breast, and burst into tears, for
his nerves were weak with his recent illness.
There was no more coldness after that; no
more reserve—all was open and above board; I
treated us; and I am proud to say that the more
we unfolded our hearts to each other, the more
highly did we esteem each other.

I had the happiness afterward of reconciling
him to his fair cousin; to whom he was still
fondly attached, and,
"When will your dearth that was shown,
And gentle peace returning."
"I said," as the French say, at their wedding,
which took place in New Orleans. The very
day after that interesting event, I was seized
with yellow fever, and Elliott and his re-
made wife spent their honeymoon at my be-
side—the trust, faithful, most devoted
friends, that ever man had in this world!
And that, said the Doctor, throwing a
glance of his finger into the fire, was the upshot
of my Duel with Captain Elliott.

Kickerbocker Magazine.

Nature has irrevocably decreed, that our
prime dependence in all stages of life after in-
fancy and childhood—nor do I know that this
latter ought to be expected—must be upon our
own minds; and that the way to knowledge shall
be long, difficult, winding, and oftentimes re-
turned upon itself.

It is stated that there are annually through-
out Germany 40,000 deaths from diphtheria in-
fections.

A bonded warehouse—A newly married
couple going to housekeeping.

Avoid, as you would a pickpocket, the man
who says the world owes him a living.

A man may be great by chance, but never
wise nor good without taking pains for it.

the words, he shall have the Cricket Almanac sent to him for six years.

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JAUNDICE,
CHRONIC OR NERVOUS.
DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE
KIDNEYS, AND ALL DISEASES
ARISING FROM A DISORDER-
ED LIVER OR STOMACH;
Such as Constipation, inward Piles Fulness
Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach &c

sen, Harbored Disgust for Food, Fullness, Weight, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Sudden Swelling of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Drowsiness of Vision, Headache, Intermittent Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Debility, Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin & Yellow Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Stomachic Disorders of Heart, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Jaundice of eye, and Great Depression of Spirits

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The "Philadelphia Saturday Gazette," "The Dr. HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS"

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J. G. Mott, Esq., of the Daily News, 10th October 1853.

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Hon. C. D. Hinkle, Mayor of the city of Chicago.

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